THE OLD EXCHANGE TO THE New Stadt house: OR, *The Frogs are in Fear that the Sun should Marry.*

In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas Corpora.

Ovid Metam.

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Price 1 *d.*

The old Exchange *to the new* Stadt-Houſe, &c.

OW Country Provinces, united Bogs,
Once diſtreſt States, now *Hogen Mo-*
[*gen* Frogs;
Royal and Noble Int'reſt gone,
[Command;
Grown formidable both at Sea and Land:
Who but a Century of Years before
Dabbled in Fiſhing, deſpicably Poor,
In ſeamleſs Veſſels, Troughs, cut out of Logs,
Catch'd Whiting-Mops; now *Gegs* and *Geg maggs*,
In ſtately Pines new Conſtellations raiſe,
Ploughing up Billow Two and Thirty Ways;
Through boiling Brine, through Cakes of cruſted
[Ice,
For Gold and Silver, Ivory, Oyl, and Spice;
What Straights, Gulphs, treading Days, ſpare they
[to pierce,

By

By Water to take in the Universe?
Are they with Force not able to Invade?
No Matter; they'll undo the World by Trade:
Four Frogs, two Tod-pols, and one greasy Toad,
Deep freighted Bottoms bear from Road to Road.

Whom now a consternating Panick Fear
Dejected much: The Sun will wed they hear;
The News from *India*, worse than Plague or War,
Brought and attested by the blazing Star.
To Pigmy Inches these gygantick Frogs,
Pale Terror shrunk; summon'd from all the Bogs,
Hopping or Crawling they in Clusters came,
Up to their Prime *Morrass*, their greatest *Damm*.

There the new *Stadt-House* stands built fair and large,
For their own Profit, but the People's charge;
Where they in all Emergencies of State,
Or private Business in Convention sate:

No *Portico* this modern Building fac'd,
Within no ancient Princes Figures grac'd;

Nor Grandfires with their Nets, such were too Poor
To stand with Besoms there behind the Door,
Who for their own Good In Cause Martyrs dy'd
By Hemp, or by more Realous Faggots try'd,
But Gods and Goddesses in Marble carv'd,
Or finely Painted, which the Heathen serv'd,
In all the *Nieches*, each convenient Place
In Stone or Tables the fair Structure Grace;
But yet for all their Skill, these B—k Toads
Made *Upsie D—b* Heroes, Grecian Gods.
Early his Day assembled Old and Young,
The *Dam* they cover, and the *Stadt-House* throng,
Silence commanded, not one whispering Croak,
An old Sag-bellied Toad rising, thus spoke.

Grave *Hogen Mogen*, High and Mighty Frogs?
Whose Care and Prudence fertiliz'd the Bogs,
And so improv'd these your United States,
Princes to Beard, and be with Kings *Cope Mates*,
Though we from Mushrooms sprung, and Spawn [of Toads,
Like Palaces are now our fair Aboads;

When

When through Brack Waters, and a salt *Moraſs*,
We in cutt Trenches safe at pleasure pass,
From *Damn* to *Damn*, and Time with Talk beguile,
Our selves and Goods landing, 'thout Care or Toyl;
From which new Water-works more Rent you raise
Then from rank *Acres*, where fat Oxen graze,

But what of the Improvements will become?
The Sun will wed, and Nuptials keep at home:
Whom Laws of Gods and Men allow a Year
From Warr or Travel, with his fair Compeer;
His Absence will our Marshes in a Trice
To Crystal turn a never thawing Ice.
Or shou'd we scape such a continued Frost
As girdles up nine Months the *Artick* Coast,
His teeming Spouse may yet produce a Son
Shall quite out of the Beaten *Zodiack* run,
So unexperienc'd drive his Father's Chair,
That soon to fire he'll rarefie the Air,
Water and Earth to Dust and Ashes turn,
And all in one new Conflagration burn

They

They tell how *Phaeton* our ample Bogs,
To Jelly boyl'd; Stew'd Tod-pods, Toads and (Frogs
In one Pottage, and *Pluto* gave, who swore
He never tasted Broth so Rich before.
Many such Yonkors may spring from his Loyns,
And share his Houses twelve Cælestial signs;
And they may wed have Sons, and Daughters too:
What in this Imminent Danger shall we do?
To what Protector shall we make address?
All know that *Neptune* this concerns no less;
Such drinking Sons may at one Meeting Quaff,
If he had twenty Plumbless Oceans off.
Him to implore lay by next Sabbath Day,
We're no such Jews, nor Christians but we may:
He heard us lately when a swelling Tide
Imbodied, Threatned o'r our Tow'rs to ride;
And soon as mov'd, with his great *Trident* came,
Beats of green Reg'ments storm'd our yielding (Dame,
Which had they batter'd but nine Inches higher,
We had not liv'd ruin to fear by Fire.

This said, Oh wondrous! the Foundations (quake,
And the stiff Idols, fixt in Marble, Shake;
When *Neptune*, where he did in Triumph ride
On a rich Shell, his Cheeks fresh Sanguine dy'd,
His *Trident* waving then with Arms display'd,
Thus to the great Convention wondring said.

Batavian Frogs, advanc'd by me sole Power
Whom *Jove* first planted from a Thunder Shower,
Fear not the Sun, nor at his Off-spring shake:
To the last drop I'll drain my ample Lake,
My watery Kingdoms Laver into Suds,
To quench their Torches; to the *Stygian* Floods
I'll *Tiran* send, and all his fiery Titts,
To light their Lamps, and to regain their Wits.
Lay idle Fears aside, he'll never Wed,
Nor plant a Female in a flaming Bed.
Suspect no Conflagrations from the East;
But a new Sun now rising in the West;

His

His flames beware, make Peace or arm with ſpeed;
You more than all the Elements with need:
Call our Supernal, Call th' infernal Liſt,
Both Gods and Fiends to weak are to reſiſt.
He Threatens my large Arms to bind in Chains,
And now at home a ſecond *Neptune* reigns;
Who three great Nations ſways, and two fair Iſles,
His People *Ruler of the Ocean* Stiles.

This ſaid, their God grows pale, Limbs ſtiff and cold,
Trembling with fear, Shrunk in their Marble mold.

MORAL.

Eſt nihil aſperius quam humilis quam ſurgit in altum.

Princes beware to aid a growing State,
Leſt they be firſt that give you the check Mate.
Wealth and ſucceſs turns humbleneſs to pride:
Beggars on Horſeback to the Devil ride.

FINIS.